ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1891.

Sports of All Sorts.

TURF EVENTS, PAST AND FUTURE-RUNNERS, TROTTERS, BOXERS, WRESTLERS AND BETTERS.

"If any one doubted before that Foxford's victory over Montana at Morris Park was the most absurd "fluke" imaginable, and due wholly to Barne's retched carelessness on Montana, the doubter must have been convinced yesterday. Foxford and Surplus were both beaten off and could not get near the front in the homestretch.

The horsemen at Santa Ana, Orange county, Cal., are agog over the performance of a black yearling pacing filly by Silkwood. A local paper refers to her as follows: "The little mare has been as untractable as a young steer, and in fact is far from being broken yet. Notwithstanding her youth and green condition, on June 6 she was brought on to the track of the Orange County Fair association, and paced an eighth of a mile three times consecutively, the time being 0:181/4, 0:181/4 and 0:171/2. She was driven by Tom Wil-letts, and his father drove alongside with a promising 2-year-old filly by Grandee.

According to the Spirit of the Times the following are the principal winners at the New York Jockey club's June meeting: A. & A. H. Morris, 129,735; Marcus \$25,565; Walcott & Campbell, \$18,649; L. Suart & Co., \$12,190; Rose-meade stable, \$9,235; P. J. Dwyer & Son, \$8,195; M. F. Dwyer, \$7,685; F. C. Mc-Lewee, \$6,640; C. E. Rand, \$6,080; D. Gideon, \$5,250; Schuyikill stable, \$4,450; D. D. Withers, \$3,920; W. C. Daly, \$3,765; Raneocas stable, \$3,450; J. B. Haggin, \$3,125; W. C. Rollins, \$3,120; Hoboken stable, \$2,780; Empire stable, \$2,480; Keystone stable, \$2,060.

A Chicago dispatch says: "Down with the imported sluggers, our home pugilists must be protected," was the word passed along the line of immigration inspectors throughout the country to-day. This was the result of the action taken by the New York immigration authorities on Saturday last in getting after Frank Slavin for coming to America under contract to exhibit in boxing matches and theatrical entertainments. Immigration Inspector Sulch of this city, was to-day engaged in looking up the subject, "Slavin's contract to exhibit himself here was a clear violation of the alien contract law," said Mr. Stileh, "and the first imported pugilist that comes to Cnicago will be sought out by me and compelled to give an ac-count of himself. I have not the least doubt but that all the imported pugilists olated the law."

Alfredo de Oro, champion continuou ool expert of America, having equipped pool expert of America, harries of the pool himself through the purchase of the pool table upon which the recent Chicago pool tournament was played, sailed for his Cuban home June 13. He will return in October and will participate in a tournament, which is promised for Chicago, to be held in October or November next. Eight-ball pyramid pool is to be the game and the B.-B.-C.-Co. will organize the affair for the experts. There will be sub-stantial added money to the entrance fee fund of \$100 each man. It is expected that the best pool talent in the world will participate, as such inducements will be offered through prizes to secure them all. de Oro are Powers, Clearwater, Manning, Malone, Sherman, Keogh, Walsh, Wer-

It is remarkable that last year's fa-mous achievement of Alien of Yale, who, on breaking his oar during a plunged from the boat to lighten it of his weight, should already have been repeated. But it is more extraordinary that it should again be performed by a college oarsman. Greene of the Univermaining oars should again win against should be the very one against which Yale was rowing when Allen jumped overboard. College oarsmen, with a co incidence so extraordinary, may be tempted to make diving from the boat one of their practice exercises, while the At-lanta, if venturing a third time to contend with a university eight, might well be excused for trying to bar this tank act, as actors would call it, which has now been performed twice with so much glory and success.

Parson Davies has gone to Beloit, Wis., where Hall is training, and will remain with the Australian until he steps into the ring to fight Fitzsimmons. Billy Woods, is training with Hall, has accepted the offer made by the Twin City club, of \$3,000 purse for himself and Godfrey. Godfrey, strange to say, has not been heard from. Should the latter not accep at once, Mr. Davies will try to get a club purse for Woods and Kilrain. The Parson is also anxious to match Charlie Kimmeck, the 140-pound man, whom Tommy Ryan declined to meet, against Dawson the Australian welterweight, and has written and telegraphed Col. W. W. Naughton of San Francisco, who is to manage the business for Dawson. Most Gunst of San Francisco, and John L. Sullivan's manager, have telegraphed Davies. saying that Dempsey has expressed a will-ingness to second Hall against Fitzsim-

Here is what Slavin thinks of Sullivan; the great power of a mesmeric kind that is latent in Sullivan's eyes and its effect on the men whom he has met in the ring. I take no stock in it. It's stuff and nonsense. I have looked in his eyes without feeling any symptoms of fear and without quailing, and am sure if he would con sent to meet me in the ring he would find that his orbs, so far as I am concerned, at least, had lost their alleged powers of hypnotism. There is no champion of the world. Sullivan is not considered the champion anywhere outside of the United States. In Australia (my home) he is not

The New York Tr. bune of the 21st says: reaches the antipodes. He lost all claim to the title when he drew the color line and refused to fight Jackson. A champion must meet every one, no matter what may be his color.

> Michael Dwyer made one of the heaviest bets of all his plunging career in a race at Sheepshead Bay a few days ago. There were only two horses in the race Kingmaker, a practically unknown horse, said to be owned by young Hearst, and P. J. Dwyer's Sir John. Longstreet was entered, but was scratched because of heavy track. In the betting ring the bookmakers' odds were 1 to 12 Sir John and 10 to 1 Kingmaker. The betting had been dragging along a few minutes when the Dwyer commission poured into the ring and began placing the money. A number of books bet \$100 against Dwyer's \$1,200, but others refused to lay any odds. In 10 minutes Michael Dwyer had \$36,000 in the ring against \$3,000. As soon as the flag fell little Midgley went out with Kingmaker and took the lead. McLaughlin kept close behind him around the far stretch. At the end of the first mile Kingmaker began drawing away from Sir John. It was in vain McLaughlin plied whip and spur. Sir John kept falling back steadily. The half length became a length, then a length and a balf, then two lengths. Coming into the stretch Sir John was hopelessly beaten, and Michael Dwyer was \$26,000 loser. When the race was over a big cheer came up from the ring. It is the rarest of occurrences to hear book-makers cheer, but some of them won handsomely, and those who did not win were glad to see "Dwyer"

The Grand circuit, since its birth a score of years ago, has not been constant in its membership. The site of the old Utica track has been converted into a park, and in its midst stands the newly constructed Masonic home, a royal building. Island Park, after a plucky uphili fight, lasting many seasons, has dropped out, and in the 1891 roll of members we miss New York and Poughkeepsie. The original members, Buffalo, Cleveland, Hartford, Rochester and Springfield, are still in the swim, animated by the old-time spirit of liberality. Philadelphia, ented by the erstwhile Point Breeze track, is loyal to the stand taken several years ago, and is "in it," and Pittsburg has with commendable generosity so arranged her dates as a Grand Circuit member that there will be no conflict with Detroit, which place, antedates Cleveland. The seven members compos lectively the sum of \$205,500 in stakes and purses, and have set aside \$29,500 more for special attractions. There is a new departure in the arrangement of dates, Springfield this year preceding Hartford, but from Cleveland on there is no break in the series of weekly meetings. All the members but Philadelphia state their classes, which it will be conceded are well chosen and to be liberally rewarded. Later on Philadelphia will announce her offerings, as entries at that point do not close until August 17.

McCann is naturally greatly elated over his horse's victory. He is 55 or 69 years old and has worked hard all his life, haveen in the employ of Pierre Lorillard for a number of years as a breaker and handler of yearlings. The race was worth \$10,000 to him, and it is more money than Dave ever had before at one time in his life. Loantaka is the only horse the old man has, and for three years he has been his constant care. McCann says: "Three years ago I paid Mrs. George Lorillard (the Countess Dagreda) \$.75 for Loantaka. He was 2 years old then, and was called an ugly duckling. He is by Sensation out of Peggy Dawdle, and was bred on Mrs. Lorinard's farm. I took him over to Clifton. He was beaten twice and won once. Next year as a 3-year-old I knew I had a raceborse. I started bim at a mile and a sixteenth, and told the boy on him as the field was big. keep away from the other borses and not to go into the bunch. You see, I was afraid he would get cut down. Then I ran him at three-quarters of a mile, and he won hands down. Then I ran him at big tracks, and you all know he has won some good races. He has been lame off and on, and sometimes I've had to let him up for months at a time."

THE COLUMBIA RIVER Centennial Anniversary of Its Discovery By Captain Gray. From the Portland Oregonian.

Not only Oregonians, but every resident of the Pacific coast, should feel an interest in the proposed celebration in May, 1892, of the centennial anniversary of the discovery of the Columbia river. It was the most important event in the entire history of the coast, and in historical importance to the nation is exceeded by fee its annals bear. It was the great foundation upon which rested the claim of th United States to this region, and had that event never occurred it foot of soil west of the Rocky mountains would now be within her limits. This is easily seen from an examination of the

sequence of events. It must first be stated that the discovery was by no means an acci dent. For years it had been known that a great river flowed from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific at some point north of the 42d parallel, and the explorers of several nations had searched for it in vain. At last Capt. Robert Gray, having by a previous visit satisfied himself of the existence of a river where both Meares and Vancouver had declared there was none, boldly crossed the bar and proved the correct ness of his judgment. Upon this act the looked upon as a champion by any United States laid the foundation of her because the circumstances war-means, and be will find that out when he claim to all the country drained by that

mighty stream. Had Vsncouver, who entered the river a few months later, been the first, the discovery title would have vested in Great Britain. In that event the expedition of Captains Lewis and Clarke would not have been despatched across the country to the river's mouth, with all the great results that followed Astor would not have established his furtrading post at Astoria. American trap-pers would not have been permitted to visit the country and spread intelligence of its beauty and fertility. The Spanish rights on the North Pacific would not have been included in the Florida treaty. American settlers would not have com-to Oregon and California. Fremont would not have been sent on the memorable ex-pedition that resulted in the conquest of California, and California would not have become a portion of the United States a the conclusion of the Mexican war. Bu for this timely act of Captain Gray, Grea session of all the territory west of the All this is too plain to admit of con

In view of this the discovery of the Co lumbia occupies a more important historical position than the conquest of Cali-fornia or any other event in the history of the Pacific coast, and its proper cele bration should interest every resident of the coast. Ignorance of historical events of many years ago is but natural among a people composed, as is ours, of persons who were born and reared far beyond the reach of their influence.

THE FIELD OF PUGILISTS.

How the Leading Exponents Rauk in the Estimation of a Famous Critic, "Pringle" in the Pittsburg Dispatch,

Now that the contest is over, and that Kilrain was fairly knocked out, which I will presently show, we may have a few words about how the contestants rank as pugilists. I will soon dispense with Kilrain. I have always held that Kilrain is not by any means a first-class man, and my contention has time and time again peen assailed by certain people who write about sporting matters. All that I need say now is that it will indeed be difficult above second class now. I rate him as a moderate second class man, and I have always done so. But all the giory that he may have had has vanished now, because it certainly is crushing defeat for a man who has claimed the championship of the world to e knocked out, and in a limited number of rounds. He is gone, and let us deal gently with him. But Slavin's rank is more problematical. There are various opinions as to his standing; but I unhesitatingly come to the conclusion that he is the best pugilist in the world to-day. The manner in which he polished off Ki

n America who can defeat him. Of course we have heard much since the contest in question regarding how, John L. Sullivan would do up Slavin; in during the last few days have told us that Slavin would not last two rounds in front of Sullivan; others who have a little larger estimate of Slavin, think Sullivan would settle him in six rounds. Now all this is the merest nonsense. readier than I am to admit all the ge points of Sullivan, but good gracious, he s only a human being and was one of the greatest disappointments in a prize ring of modern times. Nobody can deny thi And what is more, Slavin accomplished in 40 minutes what Sullivan could do only in three hours or more. Facts of this kind ought certainly to prevent our making extravagant statements about how Suilivan would kill this man and how he would paralyze that man in a few min-

rain convinces me that there is not a man

Why, even in a glove contest, under Queensbury rules, he did not knock a man like Dominick McCaffrey out in six "But McCaffrey wouldn't stand up and fight," scores will reply; but great scott, didn't Kilrain try the same dodge with Siavin? and didn't Slavin mov about in a way that left no hole of escape for Kilrain? In talking about Sullivan, don't let us forget these things. For a long time the name of Sullivan has been held up to frighten people just as the buga-boo is talked about to frighten children. Just as sure as we live, that if ever Slavin and Sullivan were to meet in a prize ring under be defeated, and I don't think Sullivan ever saw the day that he could defeat Siavin in a prize ring. A glove contest is another thing. In his prime, Suliivan was without doubt a terror in a four-round glove contest, but it is remarkable that be really never knocked any first-class man senseless. He had nothing to do but hit Tug Wilson, and yet that little man, in spite of the tremendous power of Sullivan, was in the ring four rounds. And, again, in a glove contest he was fairly knocked down by a comparatively small man like Mitchell. I mention these facts to show that there were limits to Sullivan's power even as a glove fighter. But, still, I am ready to admit that as a glove fighter he was a terror country, and taking him at his best, it would be a hard question to decide as to who would win between Slavin and him

if they were to fight. I think that my preference would be for Sull ivan. There is not space enough to compare Corbett and Jackson with Slavin. But, in my judgment, Corbett would share the fate of Kilrain were he to meet Slavin. Certainly I don't believe he would stand the punishment Kilrain received. Jackson has seen his best day, and ought

to steer clear of Slavin.

In d-aling with the great glove contest, I reserve for the last point the most extraordinary decision of that sporting man known as Jere Dunn. I have beard and read of many decisions in contests, but Dunn's outdoes them all. He really out-Brewsters Brewster, the man who gave the decision in the Myer-Bowen affair. In a word, I don't besitate to say that the decision of Referee Dunn conclusively proves one or two things. It shows the Dunn is thoroughly incompetent, or that the decision was one of the grossess frauds ever committed in the ring. This is strong. Certainly it because the circumstances

think of it. Two men meet to fight 10 rounds, and one undertook to knock the other out in that time. But at the end of eight rounds and a half one man was knocked down and the contest was step ped by the order of the timekeeper and the permission of the referee. Yet that same referee subsequently decides that one man won the fight but that the other was not knocked out. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, in the name of everything on the earth, above the earth and beneath the earth, why didn't Dunn order the contest to continue if Kurain was not knocked out?

If Dunn was convinced on the stage that Kilrain was knocked out what caused him to change his mind when the con-testants had left the ring? But he had no right to change his mind after he had ordered the contest ended, and when he ordered the contest ended before the 10 rounds had been fought his order beyond lished his task. No other conclusion than this can be arrived at. If he stopped the contest in the middle of the eighth round vithout being aware as to whether or not Kilrain was knocked out, he was robbing Slavin. There is no denying this. But the most astounding part of the entire business was the resolve of Referce Dunn after he had resolved to change his lecision, to decline to make another until he had consulted with friends whom he declared were bonest and knew whether or not Kilrain had been out 10 seconds. This was simply outrageous.

But probably Dunn was not aware that there was an official time-keeper, whose statement on the matter was just as binding and important as the statement of Referee Dunn. If the latter was not aware of Mr. Keliy's presence and official capacity he is somewhat excusable, but it certainly showed his incompetency If he was aware of Timekeeper Kelly's presence and duties, then I contend that he, Dunn, had no right whatever to consuit anybody else regarding a question of time. I defy either Dunn or any other man to deny the force of this contention. I am fully persuided that the trouble, if such it can be called, was deliberately planned with a view of saving the money of those who bet that Kilrain would not be knocked out. The whole affair is a digrace to the Granite club and is one more proof of the very questionable charmajority of affairs that take place under

A Base Ball Hypnotizer, William Johnson, the lithe left fielder of the Baltimore base ball club, says the Sun of that city, has a calm but pervasive novel as it is effective. There are no pyrotechnics about his style, no violent movement of the hands and arms and few of the other physical signs of preparation. He always manifests a polite in-terest in the balls which come into his territory, but he is never so ill-bred as to show any excitement about them. He rarely appears to run after a ball that goes into the left field; it nearly always seems to have a private understanding with him and to fly straight into his hands. Occosionally a new ball that has not bad much experience in the game will try to evade him when knecked into his bailiwick, but, apparently with no effort, Mr. Johnso lways on hand to receive it when it falls. Older balls which have previously been in his domain never make an effort to escape, but surrender without a struggle. They seem to have the same respect for and to say as they descend into his omniburry, Mr. Johnson; we'll come down at

BIRDS AND ANIMALS. What the Sportsman Can Find in Wash-

any point you may designate."

The birds of Washington represent many different species. In this state the American or bald eagle, which has been referred to as the emblem of the nation, is to be found in almost all parts, says the Seattle Telegraph. The other eagles which are to be found in different parts of the state are the grey, and the golden, who build their nests in the tops of the lofty fir trees. The osprey or fishing hawk is found here in the winter. Then there are the western red-tailed, the goshawk, the hawk, duck bawk, falcon sharp-shinned and sparrow hawk. There are six d fferent species of the owl family which are called the snowy owl, Virginia-cared owl, barred owl, short-eared owl, California

screech owi and the pigmy owl.

The grouse family is represented by six species, of which the sage grouse is the largest and weighs from six to seven pounds. Then there are the spruce grouse, the prairie ben and the Oregon ruff grouse or pheasants. The golder pheasants, the silver pheasants and the mongolian pheasants are also abundant Three different species of quail are also found. They are the California or moun tain quail, the valley or beimet quail and the common bob white. Among the smaller birds which inhabit the state are the raven, crow, magpie, black bird, butcher bird, blue jay, mountain robin, robin readbreast, copper shafted woodpecker, pileated woodpecker or log cock. yellow shafted woodpecker, leurses wood pecker and redheaded woodpecker. The ruseback thrush, western shore lark, lark, meadow lark, cherry bird, crossbill, innet, siskin, white crown sparrow and long sparrow

The water birds of the sound resresent almost every variety known to North America. They include the white swan, largest of the water fowl. The goos family has three representatives in the anadian gray goose, the black brant and the snowy or wavy goose. Then comes the great northern diver or loon, the Pacific loon, clocksgrebe, great western grebe, piebald grebe and horned grebe. The blue and the sandhill crane are oc ensionally met with. There are 15 varienes of ducks which tempt the sportsman. They are the mallard, canvasback, gadwell, Barron's golden eye, pintail, longail, great and lesser bluebill, rufflehead green-winged teal, shoveler or spoonbill, redbead, ringneck, harlequin (helldivers wood (summer) and widgeon. The fish ducks which inhabit the waters are the American scooter, valvet scooter, Ameri-

can shelldrake, red-crested merganser and hooded merganser. The guils of Puget sound are the herring, ringbill, Conaparte, ivory and Franklin gulls.

find plenty of game on which to exercise elk is to be found. The caribou inhabits the porthwestern part of the state, to gether with the mule deer. The white-Washington, while the black-tailed deer is to be found in great numbers all over the state. Rocky mountain goat and beep are also pientiful. In Washington the silver-tipped and cinnam on bear make their homes, while the black and brown bear can be found in all iocalities. Timber wolves are to be found in the woods, and the coyote inhabits the plains east of the mountains. The Amer-tean wildcat is to be found frequently, and he will generally makes things lively for the hunter when brought to bay, Lynx are also plentiful in the eastern part of the state. Fur beaver are still plentiful in all parts of the state, while the fish and land otter are also abundant. Mink and muskrats are very pletiful. Four species of squirrels are known. They are the gray, flying, pine and ground. Two kinds of skunks are occasionally met with, but the sportsman generally give them a very wide berth.

One Sort of Buyer.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Is this genuine maple sugar?" in-quired a man who wore his straw hat titled back on his head, as he inspected a pile of yellowish bricks in a basement fruit store on Madison street yesterday. "Yes, sir, that's genuine," said the man

behind the counter.
"What is it worth a pound?"

"Twenty-five cents." "Seems pretty high," muscd the man. You've got the certificate that goes with

it, I suppose? "What certificate?" "The certificates that it is genuine. It was tested by the proper efficer and certi-fied to be all right before it was shipped

"I don't know what you're talking

"Do you mean to tell me this sugar hasn't got a government inspector's -tamp on it anywhere?"

'Say, you don't have to buy any of this if you don't want it. I got it straight from Vermont, and I know it's the

"Don't get excited, sir. If this is a gen-ume article of maple sugar the manufac-turer was entitled to a bounty of two cents a pound. If he collected it from you rather than go through the worry and red tape of having it inspected, of course you've got to collect it from your custom-ers, but sugar of all kinds, my dear sir, has cene down since the recurrecity feahas come down since the reciprocity fea-ture of the McKiniey bill—"

"Look here! Do you want to buy any aple sugar?" "Look here:
maple sugar?"

"Try to keep perfectly calm, my dear sir. All I want is to get at the facus and come to a right conciuson. If the man that made this sugar knew it to be genuine he must have collected his bounty on it. If he knew it wasn't genuine why dei he work it off on you at a figure that compels you charge the exorbitant compels you charge the exorbitant compels you charge the exorbitant price of twenty-five cents a pound for it. Now look at it. You can see for yourself. Either you want me to pay a fancy price for a good article that has already paid the manufacturer a bounty of two cents a pound or you are trying to sell me a lot of cheap grade New Orleans sugar flavored with extract of green coffee and worth about three and

seven-eighths cents-"Say, do you know what I think of you?" broke in the exasperated dealer. "Doesn't make a particle of difference what you think of me, my friend. I'm not running for office. About this sugar, now

"I think you're a little the cheekiest doggoned customer that ever dropped in here to get a quarter's worth for a nickel. That's what I think of you."
"That's ali right. I'm not a man that would sell two cents' worth of moulded sand for 25 cents, and complain of hard

"You don't go snooking round men's places of business trying to jew them down to the size of your pile, either, do

you?"
"No, and I don't carry on a business hat looks like a cheap imitation of smuggling. If you will produce the necessary testimonials as to the character of this sugar, my dear sir, backed up by your personal word of honor that you are your personal word of nonor that you are not making over 200 per cent, profit on it. I will purchase four pounds, provided, further, that you will sell it for 15 cents a pound. Is it a bargain? No? That set-tles it. You are a grinding monopolist, Good afternoon.

Good afternoon."

He pushed his hat a little further back on his head, turned on his heel, and went out, leaving an auburn-haired dealer in fruits and delicacies dancing up and down behind the counter in speechle

Has Uncle Jerry Won? From the Pittsburg Dispatch,

Uncle Jerry Rusk, secretary of agriculture, was on the limited last evening go-ing to Chicago. When he sighted a re-porter he curied up his big frame in the car seat, pulled down his soft hat over his eyes and commenced to snore.
"How do you do, Mr. Rusk?"

his long, white chin whiskers. "My name

"Come off, governor."

"Well, now, I won't be interviewed this evening. It is Sunday and the Bible teaches us to keep the Sabbath day holy." "But you have never been known to miss an opportunity in the past."

miss an opportunity in the past."

"That may be true, but, to be confidential, I made a wager of \$100 with a congressman at Washington before I started that I would not be interviewed in Pittsburg. You don't want me to lose that bet, and when I get the money, if you will come around, I will then set them up," and then the old-man laughed heartily at his joke.

Uncle Jerry, however, kept his word, and he wouldn't talk about anything political, though he was willing to start a

litical, though he was willing to start a religious discussion to help kin time.

HUNTED WITH A MULE

The Spirited Steed at His Best Down in Arkansas.

STARTING UNDER PROTEST

He Never Wakes Up Till the Hounds Tell the Story and Then He Leads the Field.

Theodore Winde, a Chicago young man who has made a good deal of money on the board of trade without being known as a regular member, used to go down into Arkansas every fall for a few weeks' hunting, says the Herald. He had quite a circle of friends among the people in the Ozark country, and whatever they could do for his entertainment was done with a promptness and freedom that made the gift doubly welcome. They were great tellows to bunt foxes, and chose clear moonlight nights for the choicest of the sport. He had gone with them on a good many other chases, but had never yet fol-lowed the hounds after night, and expressed a wish to do so. The family at which he had been stopping had a good horse that had given him an excellent mount on the daylight runs, but it was so spirited he did not care to ride it on a night chase. So a neighbor offered to exchange with him, giving a mule instead. All the young men in the country told him the mule was a famous bunter, and that it would follow the bounds through fire and water, and that all be had to no was to hang on. But on the evening of the meet, when they gathered at the edge of the wood, he concluded that mule affair was their way of

playing a joke on the city young man.
"I said, 'All right,' and got up on the
beast, and he never stirred a muscle.
There were about 29 of us, and there must have been 100 hounds. Some of them were old fellows and knew their business, and some were younger, and some of them were just taking their first lesson in hunting. We started off after a be, we him in the rear, and me kicking him him with my heels and trying to get him to be respectable, and failing him to be respectable, and failing constantly. The first mile or two was awful work. I were myself out belting and bumping that bumping mule, but he wouldn't go faster than a lazy trot. And that trot! it loosened every joint in my body. It made me bite my tongue, and it bruised me so quickly I had no time to blister.

"Presently one of the young dogs struck an old scent, and in his inexperience began to bay hopefully. Still the mule stumbled on. Then a better dog thought he smelled something promising, younger ones swelled at once to that plaintive, beseeching roar of foxhounds while ranging. Not a sign from the mule. But all of a sudden there was that eager, short, agonized yelp of the old hounds as they pulled away from the pack and cut out the pace on a per-fectly fresh trail. And if that old mule didn't know what was the matter I hope to die. He unlimbered himself and picked up first one and then the other of those awfully long ears; he changed his trot to a gallop, and pushed right up through the band of well-mounted hunters, going straight to the front and just simply stabbing the earth with his little in an effort to overtake the hounds.

" 'Don't try to hold him-just hang on,' cried my friend, as I shot past him; and I gave myself up to that task as well as I could, for he had me pretty well freight ened. On he went through the woods, just missing a great sycamore on one side and a rock on the other, crashing into and over a heap of brush or the top of a tree, plunging into wide creeks and leaping over narrow ones, till I thought my end was come. But I couldn't let go. My only hope was that he would let up after a while and give me a chance to get away. One-half of my shoe was ripped from my foot, and the half of my coat had gone to keep it company. My hands and face were scratched and bleading, but I led the chase, and led it easily.

ally we came to a high rail fence 10 rails high—and I said to myself, 'Now I have got him.' But I hadn't. He just kept on galloping right at that fence, but he seemed to be studying it, and feeling the bits as if they didn't set just right. I pulled away harder than ever, for I felt if he undertook to jump that fence he would kill himself and me, too. But he didn't try to go over it; he just went through it. forelegs high enough to get them over the top—and that settled the fence. Down it came—man, mule and all—and he clam-bered out and went on without losing a

bered out and went on without losing a minute.

"That was a cotton field. It was rank and tall, and the bolts whipped me in the face, and the strong stalks grasped my flottes and tore them, but I couldn't get away, and just sawed at the bits and prayed for a dead wall or a putfall or a stroke of lightning. Out on the farther side of the field the fence was down and we went out all right. There was the creek, and the hounds were just creeping up the farther bank. It was high and steep. I thought this would end it, but it up the farther bank. It was high and steep. I thought this would end it, but it didn't. That mule went at it frantically. He leaped from the high bank as if he was a sort of winged steed and landed right in the middle of the water. But he didn't waste a minute. He clambered up the farther bank and shot away again after them—and the nearest borsemen

"There were the hounds, just over a little hill not 40 rods away, and they had httle hill not 40 rods away, and they had the fox. If that mule had been frantic before, he was mad now. He fairly flew, and uttered that unearthly cry—the only one permitted to the hybrid brute. Up over the knoll, through a little patch of timber called the grape field, down—"But that was the end of my ride. One of the grape vines hung low between two trees, and the mule darted under it. It caught me about the body, and away went that animal, right up to the hounds. I

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